

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

MY CHOICE.

Whom shall I choose for my Valentine?
Somebody, oh, so very fine,
So kind and good, so sweet and fair,
I'll have to hunt her everywhere.

Her face must be like the glad sunshine
She is to be my Valentine—
Oh, where can I find her? Can you tell
Where such a dainty maid doth dwell?

I'd write her just one little line,
Or show her by some other sign,
If I could only know the place
Where I could see her pretty face.

And she must have a gentle voice,
Or else she can not be my choice;
I would not have a Valentine
Who'd loudly talk or shout and whine.

I'd travel east, I'd travel west,
And never take a moment's rest;
And now, I think, we daughter mine,
That you're just such a Valentine.

—Elizabeth A. Davis, in Our Little Ones.

A MEAN TRICK.

Billy's Valentine, and Who Sent It—The
Repentant Boys.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry May, firing
his cap ahead of him out of the school-
house door, into the group of boys and
girls under the old maple tree, and fol-
lowing the cap in such a headlong
manner that he almost "capsized."

"Hurrah!" she says we may."

"May what?" said Allen Kirk, who
had just joined the group.

"Have a valentine post-office," an-
swered half a dozen at once, "in the
school-house, and open it at the noon
recess."

"The teacher is better than I thought
she was," announced Tom Grant. "I'll
send you one, Dolly, so look out for
it—and it won't be a come one either."

"I'll tell you what, boys," said Fred
Stine to his two confidential chums in
mischievous, "let's get up a good one on
"Snub-nosed Billy." Won't he be just
dandy with rage?" and the three boys
went off arm in arm in a way that meant
mischievous.

Billy Townsend, or, as he was gen-
erally called, "Snub-nosed Billy," was
a forlorn-looking boy, about twelve
years old, with freckled face, red hair
and certainly the very "snubbiest" nose
you ever saw.

If he had been bright and jolly, his
being poor would have made no differ-
ence to these fun-loving boys, but he
was sensitive and hot-tempered, and
when the boys teased him about his red
hair and "turn-up nose," he would fly
into such a passion that it soon became
the fashion to tease Billy.

The next day was "Valentine's," and
long before school time the boys and
girls came tiptoeing into the school-
house with mysterious-looking envel-
opes hidden in their pockets and un-
der their aprons, to be deposited in the
box in Miss Sloan's desk.

Just before school was dismissed for
dinner she began to distribute them,
and as each name was announced the
happy possessor came smiling up to
receive his share.

Little Dolly had just come into pos-
session of her promised one, and then
Miss Sloan called "Billy Townsend."

"Billy said: 'What, ma'am,' in
rather a frightened voice that made the
scholars all laugh, and even the teacher
smiled as she said:

"Why, Billy, it's a valentine for you!
Don't you want it?"

"I did not expect any, ma'am," the
boy answered, as he came bashfully
forward, looking so pleased that Miss
Sloan watched him curiously while he
opened it, and was startled to see the
look of fury that came over his face as
he looked at the valentine, then
crumpled it up in his hand and thrust it
into his pocket.

She did not say anything till the box
was empty and then spoke very quietly
and pleasantly.

"Billy, will you wait and show me
your valentine? The rest of you are
dismissed," turning to the other schol-
ars.

Fred Stine and Harry May looked at
each other in consternation at the turn
affairs were taking. They would just
as soon Miss Sloan did not see that val-
entine, but there was no help for it
now, and they had to go.

By this time Billy had his head down
on the desk to hide the tears that
would come in spite of him, and Miss
Sloan, putting her hand gently on his
head, said:

"What is it, Billy? I saw your val-
entine troubled you. Will you show it
to me?"

Billy did not answer, but putting one
hand into his pocket drew out the val-
entine and gave it to her.

There was Billy in caricature, cer-
tainly—the face covered with blotches
of paint for freckles, nose turned up so
far you could hang a bucket on it, hair
a bright red, with a boy standing be-
hind him pretending to warm his hands
by the blaze of the hair.

"Billy," Miss Sloan said, quietly,
"this is a very mean trick, but I do not
think the boys intended to hurt you."

"They did, ma'am," answered Billy,
without raising his head. "They never
let me alone for a moment. Oh! he
went on with a burst of tears, "mother!
mother! why did you die and leave me?"

Miss Sloan petted and comforted him
until he began to feel a little less for-
lorn, and told him if he would not get
so angry the boys would not care to
tease him. And then, after thinking a
long time, he said:

"I'll try, Miss Sloan; and thank you,
ma'am."

"That's a brave boy. I'll help you
all I can; but it must depend mostly
on yourself. Now you need not stay for
the rest of the school," and going to
the door with him she rang the bell for
the rest of the school, who came in as
Billy went out. And when they were
all seated she said:

"Boys, Billy showed me his valen-
tine." Fred and Harry blushed and
looked rather guilty, but she took no
notice and went on: "I am more
grieved than I can tell you, to think
my boys should have done so mean
and cowardly a thing. I should never
have allowed you to have the box if I
had thought this would be the result.
It would have been as brave for two or
three of you to sneak up behind him
when he could not see you and strike
him, and it would not have hurt him
half so much. Did you think poor Billy
had so few troubles you would make
some for his benefit? Is it nothing," she

went on, speaking more warmly, "that
he is poor and neglected, with a mis-
erable father, and often hardly enough
to eat? His mother was his only
friend, and she died many months ago.
I know you did not realize what a
cruel thing it is to add one more
trouble, when he has so many, and are
sorry already. I do not ask which of
you did it, but I do ask that every one
of you boys and girls will try and
prove to poor Billy that he is not with-
out friends, and make his hard life
easier to bear."

There was a moment's pause, then
one hand after another was held up
with the promise of sympathy and
help; and then Fred said earnestly:

"Miss Sloan, it was I who sent that
valentine."

"I helped!" "And I!" interrupted
Harry and Charley.

"It was I who suggested it first,
but I am heartily ashamed of myself,
and will tell Billy so to-morrow."

"Right, Fred," answered Miss
Sloan, looking so pleased he felt re-
paid for the hard confession. "I knew
none of you would willfully do any-
thing so unkind, and he does need all
the comfort we can give him, poor
little fellow!"—His Jaws.

MAMMA'S SUNBEAM.

How Willie Was Taught the Difference
Between a Cheerful and Joyous and a
Tearful and Piteous Behavior.

Willie was one of the dearest little
boys when he was happy, and was loved
devotedly by his papa, mamma and two
aunts who lived in the family. The
house in which they all lived was in
the country, and had windows on all
sides. Willie played out-of-doors every
pleasant day and was not happy when
the weather prevented his being out-of-
doors. He had never been a very
strong little boy, and his mamma was
compelled to keep him in many days
when he could not understand the reason,
and he was not very patient on such
days, and sometimes made all who
loved him sorry because he would not
be consoled by any means in his
power—he wanted to be out-of-doors,
and nothing else would do.

Now, Willie's mamma was not at all
well or strong, and when she heard her
little boy worry so, it worried her and
made her head ache worse. Aunt
Susie, who loved Willie almost as
much as though he were her own little
boy, thought of a way to make Willie
see how unhappy he made everybody
in the house when he would not accept
his mother's decisions as best.

One bright, sunny day in April
Willie was out-of-doors, running and
playing with his dog. He was perfect-
ly happy, and had been so sweet and
lovable all the morning that Aunt
Susie thought: This is just the day to
show Willie the difference between
having a bright, sunny day about the
house, and a fearful, fretful one.

The spare room shutters were closed,
and the room would have been very
dark and dreary if one stray sunbeam
had not found its way through the
shutters, making a bar of gold across
the floor and a dancing spirit of gold
on the wall. Aunt Susie found the
place in the shutter through which the
sunbeam came, and covered it up,
making the room perfectly dark, and
then she called Willie in, and took him
upstairs into the room. After they
were seated she asked Willie: "How
do you like this room, Willie?"

"I don't like it at all, Aunt Susie;
it's all dark."

"Then you would not like to stay
here?"

"No, no, Aunt Susie, I want to go
out-of-doors."

Aunt Susie went to the window and
took away the towel fastened over the
crack in the shutter, and in danced the
lovely sunbeam.

"Oh, oh!" said Willie, "how pret-
ty!" and he ran and stood on the car-
pet where the sunbeam lay. Then he
knelt down and held his hands in it.
Aunt went up to him, sat on the floor
and took him in her lap. Then, very
sweetly and lovingly, she said: "Willie,
this room is just like mamma's life, and
you are the sunbeam. When you
worry and are cross, her life is like
this room without the sunbeam."

Willie's big blue eyes grew large and
sorrowful, and the tears gathered in
them, and then, with a little sob, he
put his head on Aunt Susie's shoulder
and said: "I'll remember, Aunt Susie,
I'll remember." Aunt Susie took him
by the hand, and soon they were play-
ing out-of-door again as happy as ever.

Two weeks had passed, and all in the
house were impressed with the great
change in Willie. He had controlled
himself whenever he was deprived of a
pleasure it was not best he should have,
and immediately interested himself in
whatever substitute was offered. Two
or three rainy days had followed each
other, and still Willie had been a de-
light and comfort to all in the house.

One day, when everybody had grown
tired of the wind and rain, Willie came
quietly into Aunt Susie's room and
stood by the window for some time.
Crossing the room to Aunt Susie, he
whispered: "Aunt Susie, hasn't I
been mamma's sunbeam since you told
me?" Aunt Susie took him in her
arms and kissed him again and again.

"You have, Willie, darling, you have
been a sunbeam for us all." With a
little sigh Willie nestled in her arms
and said: "I've tried, Aunt Susie, I've
tried." And for years after a frown
on Willie's face would disappear, or
the cross tone from his voice, when he
heard the question: "Where is mam-
ma's sunbeam?"—Christian Union.

A story is related of a Connecticut
infantry company in the war of the re-
bellion which is believed to be without
a parallel. The company, which was
recruited in the town of Greenwich,
had no less than twelve pairs of
brothers in its ranks. There were, in
addition, three instances in which
father and son stood side by side and
three brothers-in-law.—Hartford Post.

Mrs. Lily Macallister Laughton,
Regent of the Mount Vernon Associa-
tion, is asserted to have "the smallest
and most perfectly formed foot in
America." She once gave one of her
slippers to a charitable fair, where it
was raffled for. The lucky number
was secured by Bishop Potter's son
Frank, who used his prize as a watch-
case.—Chicago Tribune.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Tough meat is made tender by ly-
ing a few minutes in vinegar water.

—Rice cakes are a dainty. Half a cup
of cold boiled rice, the same of corn
meal, one egg, a bit of butter, salt and
sugar; mix to make a rather thin bat-
ter. Grease the pan well, as these are
apt to stick.—The Cook.

—There is no use in trying to fatten
half-grown chicks. There will be a
great difference in the condition of
chicks of different breeds at the same
age, but until well matured they will
not fatten.—Cincinnati Times.

—Nice Fruit Cake: Six eggs, half a
cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one pint
of molasses, three cups of butter, one
teaspoonful of soda, spices to suit
taste, raisins, currants, citron and
flour. This cake is very rich and will
keep a long time.—Christian Union.

—A correspondent of the Farm and
Garden says: "My grapes were rotting
badly. At one time I thought I should
lose half of them. I showered them
with a preparation made of carbolic
acid one-fourth ounce and water twelve
quarts. This was very effective, and
stopped the rotting at once."

—A few drops of carbolic acid added
to mangle or ink prevents mold. If
an ounce of carbolic acid be added to
each gallon of whitewash, applied to
cellar or dairy, it will not only prevent
mold, but the disagreeable taints often
perceived in meats and milk kept in
damp apartments.—N. Y. Post.

—Barn-yard manure should not be
used on soils in the year of planting
when raising beets for sugar manu-
facture, says the Sugar Beet. The de-
composition of this organic substance
is slow, and its beneficial effects occur
in the very part of the season when the
roots do not require a stimulant.—To-
ledo Blade.

—Baked Onions: Boil the onions
slightly in water; cut in halves, and
take out the centers. Fill the cups
with a stuffing of bread-crumbs moist-
ened with an egg and a little butter;
season with grated cheese, pepper and
thyme. Bake in a quick oven, with a
little gravy to prevent from burning.—
Boston Bulletin.

—Green Pea Soup: Take one can of
green peas, boil them in two quarts of
water until tender enough, so that they
can be easily reduced to a pulp; strain
off the liquor, mash the peas, put
the liquor and mash together again in
the steppan, add a little parsley or
mint if you like it, stew it well and boil
eight minutes. Strain the soup and
serve with toasted bread.—N. Y. Her-
ald.

—Barley (ground into meal) and po-
tatoes are recommended as a most ex-
cellent food for making sweet and
healthful pork; the potatoes being first
boiled and the barley meal added to the
hot water with the potatoes and all
mashed together so as to make a thick
mush. To this might be added as
much buttermilk or skimmed milk as
can be appropriated to this use, which
is one of the best and most profitable
ways of utilizing it.—N. Y. Telegram.

A Decoy Cow.

We hear a good deal about the value
of trained and tame animals in assist-
ing herders to manage unruly flocks
and herds. The shepherd dogs about
the stock yards are of almost incalcu-
lable value in driving stock. The cow
ponies of long experience play a not
unimportant part in helping the boys
to handle the unruly herds. Occa-
sionally when a steer gets on a wild
rampage he can not be managed until
surrounded by a few lazy, good-natured
heaves, which act as decoys to make
him forget his tormentors. At loading
places on the plains cow men frequently
have trouble in getting herds into the
loading pens. It is said that at Dickin-
son, D. T., where so many Montana
cattle were loaded last year, there is a
cow which earned about one thousand
one hundred dollars last year in leading
herds into the pens and preventing
stampedes. The cow is said to go into
a big herd, run around for awhile and
get the cattle to follow her, then run
into the inclosure, the others following.
Her owner receives five dollars per
head, we are told, for her decoy serv-
ices. If this is true it beats the milk or
beef business.—Drovers' Journal.

A CONGRESS OF HUMORISTS.
A Little Book, Full of Valuable Infor-
mation and Rich Humor.

With the advent of every year there
come new inventions, new discoveries
and new ideas, but certainly there
could be no happier idea than has been
carried out in a little book, a copy of
which we have just received. To it the
best humorists and comic artists of
America have contributed, and when,
for example, we find the rich humor of
"Bill Nye" illustrated by the quaint
concoits of Oppor, of Puck, it can read-
ily be understood that the work is of the
most original character. "M. Quad,"
"Wade Whipple," R. K. Munkittrick,
Opie P. Read, and others who have af-
forded amusement to hundreds of thou-
sands of people throughout the land,
are each represented by some charac-
teristic production. The book,
which is published annually by the
Charles A. Vogeler Company,
of Baltimore, Md., is the St.
Jacobs Oil Family Calendar and Book of
Health and Humor for the Million for
1886. Besides the original contribu-
tions in prose and verse, it contains a
calendar for each month in the year,
with rising and setting of sun and
moon, dates of eclipses and church festi-
vals and a list of the most important
events of the world's history. The two
special articles manufactured by this
house are St. Jacobs Oil and Red Star
Cough Cure. The wonderful efficacy
of the former as a conqueror of pain, is
recognized all over the world and it
costs only fifty cents a bottle. The lat-
ter—the new twenty-five cent remedy
for coughs and colds—contains no op-
iates or poisonous narcotics and is in-
dorsed by public men throughout the
country. The book is now being dis-
tributed in large cities by carriers; and
in small towns and villages it can
be had through druggists. In cases
where it can not be obtained through
either of these mediums, it will be sent
by the publishers on receipt of a stamp.
—Exchange.

EXCITEMENT UNABATED.

Proof that that Physician's Terrible Con-
fession is True.

Yesterday and the day before we copied
into our columns from the Rochester (N. Y.)
Democrat and Chronicle, a remarkable state-
ment, made by J. B. Henion, M. D., a gen-
tleman who is well known in this city. In
that article Dr. Henion recounted a won-
derful experience which befell him, and the
next day we published from the same paper
a second article, giving an account of the
excitement in Rochester, and elsewhere,
caused by Dr. Henion's statement. It is
doubtful if any two articles were ever pub-
lished which caused greater commotion
both among professionals and laymen.

Since the publication of these two ar-
ticles, having been besieged with letters of
inquiry, we sent a communication to Dr.
Henion and also to H. H. Warner & Co.,
asking if any additional proof could be
given, and here it is:

GENTLEMEN: I owe my life and present
health wholly to the power of Warner's
Safe Cure, which I purchased from the
very brink of the grave. It is not surpris-
ing that people should question the state-
ment I made (which is true in every re-
spect) for my recovery was as great a mir-
acle to myself, as to my physicians, and
friends.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 21.
Sirs: The best proof we can give you
that the statements made by Dr. Henion
are entirely true, and would not have been
published unless strictly so, is the following
testimonial from the best citizens of Roch-
ester, and a card published by Rev. Dr.
Foot.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
We are personally or by reputation ac-
quainted with Dr. Henion, and we believe
we would publish no statement not literally
true. We are also personally or by reputa-
tion well acquainted with H. H. Warner &
Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure, (who
which Dr. Henion says he was cured) whose
commercial and personal standing in this
community are of the highest order, and we
believe that they would not publish any
statements which were not literally and
strictly true in every particular.

C. R. PARSONS, (Mayor of Rochester.)
W. M. PURCELL, (Editor Union and Adver-
sary.)
W. D. SHUART, (ex-Surrogate Monroe
County.)
EDWARD A. FROST, (ex-Clerk Monroe
County.)
E. B. FENNER, (ex-District Attorney Mon-
roe County.)
J. M. DAVIS, (ex-Member Congress, Roch-
ester.)
JOHN S. MORGAN, (County Judge, Monroe
County.)
H. M. SIBLEY, (Capitalist and Seedsman.)
JOHN VAN VOORHIS, (ex-Member of Con-
gress.)

To the Editor of the Living Church, Chicago, Ill.
The paper published in the Rochester (N. Y.)
Democrat and Chronicle of the 31st of De-
cember, a statement made by J. B. Henion,
M. D., narrating how he had been cured of
Bright's disease of the kidneys, almost in
his last stages, by the use of Warner's Safe
Cure, was referred to in that statement
as having recommended and urged Dr. Hen-
ion to try the remedy, which he did, and
was cured. The statement of Dr. Henion is
true, so far as it concerns myself, and I
believe it to be true in all other respects.
He was a parishioner of mine and I visited him
in his sickness. I urged him to take the
medicine and would do the same again to
any one who was troubled with a disease of
the kidneys and liver.

ISRAEL FOOTE, (D. D.),
(Late) Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal
Church,
Rochester, N. Y.
It seems impossible to doubt further in the
face of such conclusive proof.

RECOGNIZING VOICES.

Wonderful Acuteness of Hearing Acquired
by Telegraph Operators.

"Speaking of recognizing people,"
said a telephone operator, "I can re-
member a man longer and recognize
him further off by his voice than by
any other means. I sit at an operating
table all day and know all the regulars
on my circuit by their voices. Often
in walking along the street I recognize
the voice of a person whom I never
saw before and know that he belongs
to telephone No. —; and as I know the
names of the most of my patrons I thus
become familiar with the faces of many
men to whom I was never introduced.
As an illustration of how I have learned
to remember voices I will tell an in-
cident that occurred last week. I was
up in Chicago and happened to use the
telephone. As soon as an answer came
I recognized the voice as that of an
operator named Brown, with whom I
had worked in Cincinnati three years
before. I did not know he was in
Chicago, and was glad to see or rather
hear him. He was much surprised at
my calling him by name, and told me
he was in a district station fully three
miles from where I was standing. Yes,
it is rather hard to distinguish the
voices at first, but with a little atten-
tion to the business an operator quickly
acquires a very acute ear."—Cincin-
nati Enquirer.

The grocer puts sand in his sugar, think-
ing he may thereby put rocks in his pocket.
—N. Y. Ledger.

It is the Anglomaniac who thinks that
American perfumes are not worth a cent.
—Lancet Clinic.

The world moves. It probably finds it
cheaper to move than pay rent.—Boston
Transcript.

It's a noticeable fact that the gas com-
panies never complain of light business.—Oil
City Buzzard.

If bank officials seem to be going it pretty
fast, depositors have it in their power to
draw a check on them.—N. Y. Ledger.

The evil consequences of smoking are il-
lustrated by Mt. Vesuvius, which constan-
tly suffers from eruptions.—N. Y. Examiner.

Never despise a friend because he hap-
pens to have grown rich. Go to him, take
him aside, tell him gently of his faults and
ask him to lend you five dollars.—N. Y. Her-
ald.

"Bertox parties" are becoming popular
in the West. We don't know whence they
derive the name, unless it is because they
are always sure to come off.—Philadelphia
Call.

"Oh! give me affection. I'll sigh for
naught more," sings a poetess, addressing
her love. That girl doesn't seem to know
that this is the time of the year when the
festive "backwater cake" is on deck.—Rock-
ester Post-Express.

PENNSYLVANIA allows a man to marry his
mother-in-law, but he doesn't.—Louisville
Courier-Journal.

Jumbo's widow, Alice, is coming to this
country. Her trunk will be admitted free
of duty.—Philadelphia Call.

It makes a man feel as mad as a cross-
eyed dromedary to come across his last
summer's straw hat and linen duster as he
is rummaging for his skates in the attic.
—Fall River Herald.

—Frank Buckland, the English natu-
ralist who died a few months ago, is
much talked about in England now. A
schoolmate says that Buckland, when
a boy, used to get up in the middle of
the night, and, designedly, in half-
darkness, carefully bind two fagot
sticks together, for the purpose, as he
said, of accustoming himself to be
called up as a surgeon, half asleep, to
do some professional duty under ad-
verse circumstances.

Any Small Boy with a Stick,
can kill a tiger—if the tiger happens to be
found when only a little cub. So consump-
tion, that deadliest and most feared of dis-
eases, in this country, can assuredly be con-
quered and destroyed if Dr. Pierce's "Gold-
en Medical Discovery" be employed early.

When a girl is being courted she sets a
great deal by a young man.—Chicago Trib-
une.

"The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll reach the conscience of the king."
And equally true is it that Dr. Pierce's
"Pleasant Purgative Pellets" (the original
Little Liver Pills) are the most effective
means that can be used to reach the seat of
disease, cleansing the bowels and system,
and assisting nature in her recuperative
work. By druggists.

"SURE, an' wouldn't wan' o' thim bear-
skins make a foine buffalo robe?"—N. Y.
Independent.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c.
Glen's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns and Bunions.
Foots.

"It is not always May," sings a poet.
You are quite right; it is sometimes must.
—Toledo Blade.

THE "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce
cures "female weakness" and kindred af-
fections. By druggists.

WOMAN was made after man and she has
been after him ever since.—Philadelphia
Call.

WHEN the follicles are not destroyed,
Hall's Hair Renewer restores hair to bald
heads.

OUGH a teamster to have a teaming
fancy.—National Weekly.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure
for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

COURTSHIP is not run by the rule of three.
—Merchant Traveler.

It afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac
Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

It isn't much of a dog that can't make a
man go mad by biting him.—The Judge.

For all ailments originating in disorders
of the stomach and liver, take Ayer's Pills.

SELECTED miscellany—Mince pie.—Dan-
ville Beece.

Why is a dirty man like fannel? Because
he shrinks from washing.

"As a Last Resort"

A Little Girl in Albany, N. Y., Terribly
Afflicted, Wonderfully Cured.

One of the most remarkable cures of scrofula on
record is that of the little daughter of Mr. M. J. Quinn,
263 First-st., Albany. She was afflicted with scrofula
from birth, and physicians said it would be better for
her if she was dead. Her father says: "She had 13
running sores on her body, besides being absolutely
blind for months. She lost the use of her limbs and
could not walk; in fact, was a mere skeleton wasting
away. The sores from the sores were terrible. Seeing
in a newspaper some cases of scrofula cured by Hood's
Sarsaparilla, I said to myself, 'I will try a bottle as
a last resort.' When she had taken the first half bottle
I could see a change in her, and when the whole bot-
tle was taken the sores almost entirely healed
with the aid of Hood's Olive Ointment, which I must
say is the finest I ever used. I kept on giving her
Hood's Sarsaparilla, till now she is well and healthy,
running around. She has a splendid appetite. The
neighbors don't know what to make of it."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only
by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Relieved at Last!

"We know a gentleman in this county who, six
months ago, was almost a hopeless cripple from an
attack of rheumatism. He could scarcely hobble
across the room, used crutches, and said himself that
he had little hope of ever recovering. We saw
him in our town last week, walking about as actively as
any other man, and in the finest health and spirits.
Upon our inquiry as to what had worked such a won-
derful change in his condition, he replied that he had
been cured. After using a dozen and a half bot-